

THREE FISHERS

Written by Victorian writer Charles Kingsley (1819-1875)

Music Garnet Rodgers

Three fishers went sailing out in to the west.
Out into the west as the sun went down.
Each thought on the women who loved him the best.
And the children stood watchin' them out of the town
For men must work and women must weep
And there's little to earn and many to keep
Though the harbour bar be moaning.(bis)

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
Trimming the lamps as the sun went down.
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower.
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work and women must weep
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.(bis)

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down.
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep
And good by to the bar and its moaning.(bis)